

HIGH SCHOOL

ANNUAL

1912



R . H . S .

Class of Nineteen Twelve.



## Ode to High School Days

DEAR K. H. S. I can foretell  
From how I feel at this farewell  
That wheresoe'er my path may chance  
I'll ever cast a backward glance;  
Ever longing for a gone-by view,  
Thinking silently of you.  
What a pleasure it will be  
Long after I have put to sea  
To pause a moment by the way,  
To recall a single happy day,  
A day well marked from those of yore,  
Oh, thou last days gone now forever more!

--Raymond L. Williamson, '12.



E. E. WRIGHT, B. S.,  
Superintendent



BERTHA TOFTE, B. S.,  
Principal



HARRIET A. FELTON  
Music and Drawing



KATHERINE R. KRING

## Introduction

THE Senior class of K. H. S. have edited this annual as a parting token of their four years High School work.

Although few in numbers, the class has been mighty in strength. It contains Historians whose knoweldge of History is far in advance of that of High School students; Orators whose powers are exceptional; Artists whose productions scarcely fail to be as perfect as nature; Musicians whose selections excite the hearer's most appreciative attention, and mathematicians who are excelled by few.

We, the class of 1912, wish to express our appreciation and thanks to those who have so kindly aided in making our annual a success. We are greatly indebted to the business men who have contributed so freely and have made possible this publication; To the different members of the school who have contributed articles; To Mr. Hofferth who has so kindly assisted us in cartoons and illustrations, and to the school as a whole who have helped to make these four years of ours a period of enjoyment. We wish to extend our most sincere gratitude and thanks.

The President.



Kouts High School Building

## Verses to the Faculty

**B**EHOLD our Professor, calm and true,  
With life's high purpose well understood,  
The work he did, the lore he knew,  
The joy of always doing good!

Miss Tofte, we shall ne'er forget  
Her voice that called from work and play;  
Her firm, but kindly hand, which met  
And guided us in wisdom's way.

Miss Kring, who climbed the path anew  
And in the Faculty took her place,  
Ever bids us hold within our view  
Courage, wisdom, truth and grace.

It is Miss Felton's softened voice  
Sweet are those lulling sounds we hear  
Of Muses tuneful art, our choice,  
Now far and faint, now full and near.

Vera Kruell, '12.



## Alphabetical Rhyme

**A** is for appetite which we all possess,  
When we go to a banquet and wear our best dress.  
**B** is for Bertha whom we all so admire;  
She has all the virtues that one could desire.  
**C** is for Cannon our common defense,  
When lessons are hard and troubles are dense.  
**D** is for Dye; The youngest of all  
Of Kouts' great Seniors is our dutiful Paul.  
**E** is for Edna whose wisdom we see  
When assembled for English in "Room C."  
**F** is for Felton who inspires us with song,  
Whose smiling face beams all the day long.  
**G** is for "green horn." One's face is ne'er seen  
Walking around on our High School Green.  
**H** is for High School which we now bid good bye;  
But we'll never forget it until we die.  
**I** is for Indiana our dear Hoosier State;  
Others are larger but none near so great.  
**J** is for Juniors—the pride of our school;  
They all become Seniors, if they pass—as a rule.  
**K** is for Katherine who inspires us to work;  
While under her guidance we never would shirk.  
**L** is for lonesome, which we all will be  
When we leave K. H. S. and start out on life's sea.  
**M** is for mission ours we'll try to fulfil,  
Which of course we can do if we work with a will.  
**N** is for "Newt," our jolly trustee  
Who fills up a door pretty full—Believe me.  
**O** is for                   the pride of the nation;  
Which we all hope to be when we get our vacation.  
**P** is for power which we all will gain,  
Unless our training's for naught and our efforts are vain.  
**Q** is for quintessence of the High School a prize,  
Of course is its Seniors, so clever and wise.  
**R** is for Raymond, so staunch and so true;  
When he is absent no other will do.

**S** is for Schussler whose future we see  
 Who forever is smiling so happy and free.  
**T** is for training which we all have had;  
 If it comes to naught we all will be sad.  
**U** is for universe. If we're not deceived,  
 Where 'tis more blessed to have given than to have received.  
**V** is for Vera, so noble and kind;  
 Others like her we'll seek, but none will we find.  
**W** is for Wright who just bought a farm;  
 He of'en gives us a false fire alarm.  
**X** is for Xerxes won a great prize;  
 But the way he received it makes it small in our eyes.  
**Y** is for youth. We're now in our prime,  
 But are growing older from time to time.  
**Z** is for zeal, which it ever will take  
 For scholars "to pass" and their credits to make.

Raymond Williamson. '12.

### Comparisons are Odious

**L**IKE conversation is the lettuce head.

It must be fresh and crisp so very bright

That better in it comes not to the light.  
 Yet lettuce like most talkers is instead  
 So apt to run to seed, that one is led  
 To bless and welcome with sincere de-  
 light.

The sort which comes to heart, and this more white.

At heart more solid and its freshness shed

E'en in maturity. Also we find  
 That lettuce like our conversation needs

A deal of oil, a pinch of salt, pepper  
 And mustard too, and vinegar com-  
 bined;

But mixed with skill. This lettuce ever leads

Society I ask naught better.

Ethel Cannon. '12.

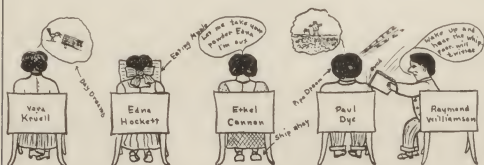
### Life's Motto

WHEN your life seems dark and cloudy,  
And the world seems blank to you;  
But a voice within speaks loudly:  
What's the use of what you do?

Question not, but live and labor,  
Till your goal is won;  
Helping every feeble neighbor,  
But seeking help from none.

For life is mostly froth and bubbles,  
But two things stand like stone;  
Kindness in another's trouble;  
Courage in your own.

—Anna Schussler.



## Class Biography—1912

**I**N the month of September during the last year of the reign of Theo. R. (The Great) an even dozen comely lads and lassies with frightened looks upon their faces gathered together in the halls of the dear old K. H. S. building. Old classmates of our home grammar school and strangers were all there waiting for the welcome of the comely professor.

Finally, the last bell rang; and they heard the noise of the dreadful pencil which they were soon to learn was the signal to get to work. They then took seats wherever they could find them (the more learned members having taken the back seats) and waited to see what was coming next. They soon found that they were to try to develop their brains (if they had any) in solving for the great unknown quantity  $X$ , and in delving in the mysteries of nature under Mr. E. E. Wright.

They also found that they were to try to learn the difference between a noun and pronoun, adverb and adjective, and how to read write and speak Deutch correctly under the guidance of Miss Atkins.

The second year brought them together again with a smaller number (three having left for other callings) but with a firm determination to overcome the obstacles of German, Algebra and Geometry, the Laws and Histories of The Ancients and English; and with a new resolution to devote at least a **part** of their time in study.

At length the Sophomore days gave way to the hard work of the Junior year. During the Sophomore year three more classmates strayed from their sides leaving only one-half of the number that survived the fright of that memorable first day of their Freshie year. By this time they had become in the eyes of the Seniors "partially" civilized in all but their pronunciation, which according to their Prof. they have never yet attained.

During this year they racked their brains for solutions of Geometrical exercises and for the power of understanding the philosophy of Herman and Dortha. Mighty were the debates waged in the American History class ('11 and '12) on the great topics of our ancestors' time. Cold ran the blood during the recitations on the great tragedies, Hamlet and Macbeth.

On one hot September morn in the third year of the reign of William (The Large) the surviving members of the class gathered together again in the good old (K. H. S.) building to take for one year the place of the illustrious Seniors who had left them.

This year they journeyed into the great land of Physics and Physical Geography; besides they all became "adepts," in Commercial Arithmetic. Later in the year they were surprised to learn that each possessed poetic genius and great were the poetic inspirations after the mysteries of the foot and metre of poetry were crowded into their overflowing brains (most of the cells having already flown.) In History they learned of the evil doings of the "Dark Ages," "The great awakening of the Reformation," and of the glorious "Reformation," and the advance of nations in "Modern Ages."

Out of that mercurial "blotch" of lads and lassies who were in the class at the beginning of the Freshie year only five remain. But these five have stood shoulder to shoulder during the whole of our happy High School Life, and will always stand loyally by one another as long as any memories exist of the class of '12.

Paul R. Dye, '12.



Freshman of 1908



Senior of 1912

## The History of Kouts High School

THE history of Kouts High School began in 1899. It began its career as a two year course school. It has since gradually risen step by step to be one of the highest class, the commissioned school. In 1902 the term was lengthened to a three years course and continued thus until 1907, when it was given a four years course but put on the certified list. Along with this change came the addition of two more instructors in the High School Faculty, namely: a principal and a music and drawing instructor.

Our present Superintendent, Mr. E. E. Wright, also began his career as Superintendent of the Public Schools of Kouts, Indiana, in 1907. The first Principal of the Kouts High School was Miss Leach who only resided with us one year. The second Principal was Miss Atkins who left us after one year for the position as principal of the Wheeler High School. She was followed by Miss Tofte who still remains with us. The year 1907 also brought to us Miss Viant as a Music and Drawing Instructor. She resided with us for three years and was followed by our present instructor, Miss Felton.

In the spring of 1910, our school was granted a commission by the State Board of Education. The first graduates of the K. H. S., to graduate from the commissioned school were Miss Clara Young and Arthur Lacount. The largest class that ever graduated from this school was the class of '11 namely: Levi Stibble, Charles Handley, Lucie Biggart, Fanny Hannon, George Jones, Arthur Anderson, Martha Jones, Eunice Nichols, Otto Hofferth, Nora Denton and Grace Gay. In the year 1912 another instructor was added to the High School Faculty namely: Miss Katherine K. Kring.

The class of 1912 consists of but five members, but we sincerely hope that in the future the Kouts High School shall prosper and send out yearly a large class of graduates, well prepared to fight the battles of the life before them.

Paul R. Dye, '12.

## Verses to Pupils

WHEN we reflect o'er High School  
days

And wish to bring to view  
The memories of the brilliant  
"Rays", (Raymond)

We'll all remember you.

In Literature she takes the lead;

We hope she'll keep right on;  
(Edna)

As members of the class indeed,

We'll share the honors won.

With all his fame in History

He ranks among the few. (Paul)

To us its been a mystery

Of all the things he knew.

You'll live forever in our minds

We ne'er can you forget. (Vera)

May time for you vocation find

And naught your path beset.

When out in this wide world of ours

And launched upon life's sea.

(Ethel)

May your paths be strewn with flowers

And will you sometimes think of  
me?

Ethel Cannon, '12

## Senior Class

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CLASS FLOWER--Lily of Valley CLASS COLORS--Brown and Cream

CLASS MOTTO--"Übung macht den Meister"

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### Class Officers

Raymond L. Williamson	-	-	-	-	President
Paul R. Dye	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Edna Hockett	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Ethel Cannon	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

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### Members

Vera Kruell	Edna Hockett
Paul R. Dye	Ethel Cannon
Raymond L. Williamson	

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### Ex-Members

Russell W. Baker	Roy Sheldon
Elsie Jarneke	Joe Shutske
Augusta Kosanke	Anna Schussler

## Freshman Class History

ONE bright Autumnal day in September, fifteen boys and girls, John Hannon, Dora Blachly, John Jarnocke, Ruth Danielson, Lester Hayes, Alta Danielson, Carrol Hayes, Bessie Wolbrandt, Donald McKinnon, Lucille Cannon, Leo Shutske, Robert O'Brien, Harry Moehler, Lillian Metherd and Wayne Hockett, met in the hallway of the K. H. S.

They were rather timid at first but after the teachers gave them the front seats they soon forgot it. They were brought into the broad fields of Algebra and Agriculture by Mr. Wright and into German and English by Miss Tofte.

They soon learned the duties of K. H. S., that of giving both oral and written book reviews, theorems in Algebra, Essentials of the German language, Plant Life, etc.

After the beginning of the New Year, Carrol and Alta left their ranks for other callings. But they who remain are struggling for the honor of being Sophomores in 1913.

Lucille H. Cannon, '16.

Lillian I. Metherd, '16.

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## Sophomore Class History

ON the fifth of September, 1911, three maidens, Caroline Tofte, Freya Snodgrass and Mabel Ogden, and five youths, John Radilyack, Harry Jones, Eugene Snodgrass, John Shutske and Lee Williamson entered Kouts High School.

They took up their studies under the guidance of E. E. Wright, Miss Bertha Tofte and Miss Harriet Felton.

In the Autumn of 1911 only the youths returned as Sophomors. Again they took up their studies with the same teachers.

The class, consisting entirely of boys, have become especially interested in the study of Agriculture, tho. all other branches have received their due share of study, worry, anxiety, etc. In two short years we also hope to be "Wise Seniors."

Lee Williamson, '14.

## Junior Class History

THE history of the Junior Class of nineteen-twelve is normal. This section of Kouts High School is composed of a merry bunch of lads and lasses who number sweet sixteen.

We left the eighth grade after a dreadful examination, spent the summer dreaming about lilac blossoms and pink roses and finally on September, the sixth, twenty-seven of us entered in the glories of K. H. S.

We then began to wonder who the little black-eyed principal reminded us of mostly; if Professor Wright would scold when we were minus our lessons and if the studies were in truth very hard.

For one long term we toiled and struggled with English, Algebra, Botony and German. With joy we welcomed exemptions; with valor we fought the exams.

In the Sophomore year our course was changed. We left the study of nature for facts about Greeks and the Romans. Our German grammars were laid aside for a time, and many a pleasant trip was taken through the Vaterland and up and down the Rhine.

Later Geometry was added and then followed Commercial Arithmetic. The pleasures in all were sought for, and the mysteries in many were solved, for we have thus far left nothing undone.

Although we with sorrow watch the Seniors leave our dear school yard, we will rush to refill their places with a shout of, "Make way for my lady," the class of the year of '13.

Eva Noland.

gogue and "Boss" in order to obtain legislation, local and national, for his own benefit is natural. It is a fact.

But why is this corruption possible in a democracy like our own, is a question which might be asked of any of us. No person could buy a vote if somebody else were not willing to sell one. A legislature could not be run by some boss sitting in his office if there were not a lobby at the capital.

This rule perhaps would not be so bad if it was an intelligent, benevolent and public spirited despotism. But in most cases this kind of rule is the rule of shrewd ignorance selfishness of the worst type, and bold dishonesty. As it has been proven by History this rule is the worst rule obtainable. It is a dire necessity to do away with it entirely or our country will ride to the same destiny that The Grand Republic of Ancient Rome did.

Education is the best possible safe guard against this tyranny. It is in harmony with our principles, and has the power of defending our glorious institutions without enslaving them. The greatest need of our country is men. Men of the first class, if possible, if not, as near first class as possible.

But the only means yet discovered for producing first class men, that is men of good morals, good judgment, and a high sense of the difference between right and wrong, just and unjust, is education. Though education is but a slow remedy for this evil it is thorough going.

May we hope that all will aid in the great work education is sure to accomplish. Then we may march shoulder to shoulder to the task of driving out all political corruption which tends to weaken our government, our personal rights, as well as our neighbors, and our personal morals, and substitute for this entirely a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Paul R. Dye, '12.

## An Endless Chain

The teacher is solemnly  
Calling the roll,  
As the nine o'clock bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Books are uncovered,  
Brought to the light;  
Toil is unbroken  
From morning till night.

No voice in the schoolroom  
No sound in the hall.  
Each one is studying;  
Silence reigns over all.

All have good lessons  
Each day of the week;  
For knowledge and wisdom  
Is the goal which all seek.

Lessons are completed;  
Books are closed for the day;  
And the hand has ope'd them,  
Now lays them away.

Deserted the schoolroom;  
Silence is complete;  
No voices are ringing;  
No patter of feet.

Dim grow the shadows.  
And soon fade away;  
Darkness comes slowly  
To cover the day.

Thus pass the hours.  
Day after day;  
Now darkness; now daylight;  
Now work and now play.

Raymond L. Williamson. '12

## Life's Sunset

AS THE sun is slowly sinking  
To it's rest beyond the day,  
In my solitude I'm thinking  
Of the sunlight's lingering ray.

How when you and I are traveling  
In our path toward the west,  
May we ever be unraveling  
Golden cords to guide the rest.

Cords of truth, and cords of kindness  
Leading on to webs of love,  
Which unite at last to bind us  
To the throne of God above.

To some wayward soul despairing  
Of his hopes of long ago  
May our kindness have a sharing  
Of his path of hidden woe.

What if we neglect this duty  
Which our Father's given us?  
Shall we ever see the beauty  
Of that home in which we trust?

Toward each other let us ever  
Manifest our love for Him,  
Whose great love for us can never  
In its tenderness grow dim.

As the sunbeam in the twilight  
So our life each day may be  
If we but reflect the sunlight  
Of the life that is to be.

Ethel C., '12.

## A Plea for Cleaner Politics

IT IS an established fact that there has been at different times a great deal of corruption in politics.

This has not been entirely eliminated yet. What we want to strive for and must accomplish is the elimination of all corruption in politics. The corruption in politics today consists of the rule of the machine, or in other words of the rule of the demagogue and of the political boss. These perils are interwoven to form a strong organization, strong enough to grasp the reins of the government and to hold them against all opposition.

The work of the proper rulers of this country, that is the people, is to educate themselves in the ways in which any candidate of the machine secures his election.

I do not mean to say that this political corruption is an epidemic in all sections of the country but in certain localities traces of it are easily found. Here and there all over the country men whose only distinction is their wealth, and men whose only profession is the concentration of political schemes by means of underhand work, compared to real statesmen as quacks are to real physicians, have at times found their way into some of our highest governmental positions. The presence of such men in our government is a slur on the education and worthiness of our American citizens.

It is an undisputed fact that money talks. But the problem confronting the American people to-day is to see that money does not do all the talking.

It is not likely that the demagogue, the wealthy man and the "Boss" will ever become the ruling class of this intelligent country in the open. That the rich man will support the dema-

# Jollies and Joibles

(Edna Hockett)

NAME	DISPOSITION	HOBBY	APPEARANCE	REPEATING VIRTUE	WHAT THEY LIVED FOR	HOW THEY ENTERED THE ROOM	CONSEQUENCE
Ethel Cannon	Sunny	Writing notes	Just so-so	Complexion	A home	Looking for the Fun Froin	
Vera Krnell	Amiable	Elocution	Dignified	Writing	Self	other one With nod and beck	An actress
Pael Dye	Calm and Tem-pest	Politics	Self-satisfied	Talking	History	Determined air	A senator
Raymond Williamson	Pious	Music	A musician	Sparkling	Fame	With a smile	A monk
Edna Hockett	Positive	Drawing	A Bridget	Whistling	Teacher's license	Briskly	Bachelor maid.

## Puns and Puckers

NAME	AGE	SIZE	SHAPE	STEP	LATGH	CONVERSATION	SCRIPT
Ethel Cannon	Sweet Sixteen	To hold	A Marie lionette	An-Two-step	Who-e-o-ha-ha	Abundant	"Lamotinous"
Vera Krnell	Matronly	To have	Empress Eugenia	Toe-Step	Who-oo-who-ho	Delicate	"Serumptious"
Paul Dye	Saged	To beat	Napoleon	Heel-step	Ka-a-haa-haa	Brogueish	"Scramptious-ous"
Raymond Williamson	Patronly	To win	Lincoln	Easy-step	Ugh-hugh-hu	Difficult	"Superflential"
Edna Hockett	Girlish	To desire	A Portia	Quick-step	Fitz-Re-ha	Droll	"Lambrogious"

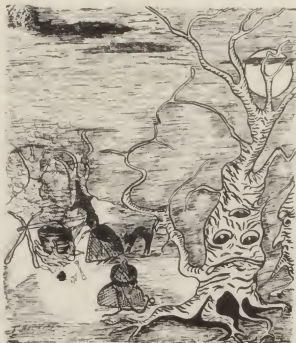
## The R. H. S. Alumni

Jesse Betterton	Ass't. Mine Supt.	Columbus, Nebr.	
Fred Chael	Signal Gang	Kouts, Indiana	
Oscar Knolls	Pitcher	Denver, Col.	
Lloyd Cannon	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana	
Kathryn Kring	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Mae Benkle	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Grace Jones	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Clala Hannon	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Liza Cannon	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Grace Cannon	Carpenter	Kouts, Indiana	
Glenn Cannon	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Florence Young	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Jenet Anderson	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
K. Cumlingham	Merchant	Kouts, Indiana	
Nyle Pierce	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Anna Propp	Teacher	Los Angeles, Cal.	
Marie Beckwith	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	Married
Ethel Alles	Student	Lansing, Mich.	Married
Wm. Swike	Carpenter	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Elizabeth Frye	Student	Chicago, Ill.	
Louise Boedecker	Stenographer	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Edith Anderson	Teacher	La Crosse, Ind.	
Pauline Kreeger	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Arthur La Count	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana	
Clara Young	Teacher	Lafayette, Ind.	
Levi Stbbe	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Chas. Handley	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Lucie Biggart	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Fannie Hannon	Farmer	Kouts, Indiana	
Geo. Jones	Student	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Arthur Anderson	Salesman	Kouts, Indiana	
Otto A. Hofferth	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Myrtha Jones	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.	
Eunice Nichols	Teacher	Kouts, Indiana	
Nora Denson			
Grace Gay			
			Laurie Donley.
			Lavin.

# Olaf's, Mrs and Will Be's

	WAS'S	IS'S	WILL BE'S
Edna .....	Reader	Elocutionist	School Mar'm
Vera .....	Favorite	Poetess	Doutful Wife
Raymond .....	"Ray"	Physicist	Lawyer
Paul .....	Actor	Still Acting	Politician
Ethel .....	A Good Little Girl	A Sweetheart	Change of Name





## Class Prophecy

**A**FTER my High School career it had always been my highest ambition to travel extensively. I took a great interest in teaching Elocution for the following eight years, when one day I learned that my uncle at Berlin had suddenly died and left me heir to an immense sum of money.

My ambition could now be fulfilled and I at once took the opportunity. Having learned that an ex-member of my class of 1912 lived at Cairo, Egypt, I immediately wrote to her, stating I would visit her a few days on my tour around the world.

I left New York on a beautiful May morning, on "Kaiser William," one of the Goodrich Liners.

"I've been wondering about our old class in high school," I said to my friend and her husband, as we sat at their cozy little supper table one night in 1920: "And I've decided to go to see Madam Brabioschowski, down on Palm Street. Would you care to go with me to-night?"

My friend agreed to go with me, but her husband said, "Why, do you think she can tell you about your old class?"

"Why, she's a spiritual medium and she's the real thing, and not a fake. She can make the spirits tell her."

He laughed, but stopped with us at Madame Brabioschow.

ski's on his way down town, promising to call for us later.

We were shown into a beautiful apartment by a neat little maid. The room was furnished in Oriental style with very rich rugs and hangings.

In about five minutes Madame Brabioschowski entered. She was a tall, black-gowned, woman of striking appearance. I could not see her features plainly at first, but she suddenly turned so that the light fell on her face, and I nearly fainted. It was Anna Schussler, my old High School friend.

She recognized me at once and we had a long chat about old times. She finally consented to try and call up her "spooks," and to ask them about our old class. (She did not call them that, she called them her "guides.")

She put out all the lights except one near her, which was turned very low, I felt uncomfortable, but I said nothing. For a long time there was not a sound in the room. Then suddenly she broke into a rippling laugh. "I see it all very plainly. Now don't or you will spoil it all!"

"There is a large, gloomy, castle in England. The drawing room is very brilliantly lighted. A beautiful woman with sparkling eyes is seated at a piano playing. The jewels on her fingers and in her hair flash in the light. Now she has stopped playing and the people flock around her calling her 'Lady Dawson' and complimenting her playing. Now she is turning this way. Why, it is Ethel Cannon.

"She was a famous performer on the American stage before she married the Englishman. She had quite a little romance of her own." A long pause followed, then—

"Now I see a ranch in Arizona. A cowboy comes dashing up and catches his pretty little wife in his arms and they walk off together. It is Paul Dye. He came here when he graduated from High School, and has grown rich and now owns this great ranch. His one weakness is dancing, and he gives a dance almost every week, to which everyone for miles around is invited, and where many successful "matches" have been struck.

"Now it is a fashionable shop in Paris. A number of finely dressed ladies are looking at the gowns, hats, and paintings on display. One of them asked for Madame Princeton, the fashion expert, and the owner of the establishment. She enters, a beautiful woman dressed in a black velvet gown, with pretty brown hair, done up in the latest style, and carrying a palette and brush. Who—O! it is Edna Hockett. She was always an artist."

Then a few moments intervened while another guide was called. Soon we were given a picture of the Grand Opera of Paris, entitled 'Academie de Musique.' A tall slender man

with flowing hair is leading the orchestra at the footlights of the —Behold! it is Raymond Williamson. He always has been a natural born musician. But what does he do during his idle hours. He has not forgotten the basis furnished by his course in Botany in the High School. Among his many wonderful works he has grafted strawberries and milkweeds together and produces strawberries and cream.

We again talk of old times and were greatly surprised and pleased with the glory of the class of '12.

As we went home my friend told her husband all that Madam Brabioschowski had said; but he only laughed and said it was "all a humbug." Now isn't that just like a man?

Vera Kruell, '12.



"DON'T READ THE BACK COVER"

## Footsteps of Life

(Class Poem.)



WHEN our days of life are numbered,  
And destiny alone can tell  
How many a one has slumbered,  
Only try and do things well.

Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear;  
Stil o'er youth's scenes our mem'ry  
wakes  
Which we have borne and yet must  
bear.

A voice from out the future cries,  
"On, on"—but o'er the Past  
Ah, starry Hope! that did'st arise  
But to be overcast!

Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set.  
When self-sacrifice of life begun,  
We surely then can ne'er regret.

The echo of all human fame,  
Is not attained by sudden flight;  
Give eternal honor to His name  
Though our hearts grow weary, ere the  
night.

By hope, we help to save mankind  
Whose shadows round us spread;  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
Which some do always dread.

We trust, we resolve, we hope, we pray,  
As time runs on into the past,  
We may borrow the wings to find the way:  
And shall, while the world shall last.

Tho' world on world in myriads roll  
Round us each, with different powers,  
What know we greater than the Soul  
And other forms of life than ours?

While races of mankind endure,  
Who treads at ease life's uncheer'd way—  
He will find the path of duty pure—  
Nobler than this, to fill the day.

Like the moon thy life appears;  
A little strip of silver light.  
Let not the shadowy disk of future years,  
Conceal thee as in gloomy night.

For often may our burdens seem  
Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavier than the weight of dreams,  
Strive on and meet them everywhere.

Through the years successive portals,  
Through the bounds made from afar,  
Trials often made us startle,  
When we tried to reach a star.

Our Aims all will various be,  
Fate alone can stand the test;  
For Victor he must ever be  
If he can prove himself the best.

Like waves along a broad sea-beech  
When the sand a silver shines,  
It was thus we our endeavors reached,  
And thoughts along some lines.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide;  
Our friendships formed with pure delight,  
We hope may long abide.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
Something still remains undone,  
For time will soon teach us the truth,  
Then, await the rising of the sun.

Our goal's not reached by a single bound.  
But by slow degrees we steadily rise;  
And as we're advancing round by round  
May our Aims prove just and wise.

Vera Kruell, '12.

## Class Will

**W**E, the Seniors of Kouts High School of the year nineteen-hundred-twelve, being sound of mind and body, despite the shocks received from brain storms, verbal escapades, adjective surmounts and an over abundant supply of words from the unedited dictionary, do this day under name and seal bequeath to and request of the undersaid persons the following things.

Firstly, we do appoint Oley Betterton, Russel LaCount and Raymond Benkir as a committee to execute these our last wishes.

To the infant class of next year—the power to overcome fear produced upon entrance to the Freshman year—free access to the **Dictionary**—the left over funds from the nineteen-hundred-twelve annual to purchase “plenty of (table) spoons and double seats.”

To the Sophomores of next year—the **Wright** to debate in Ancient History, a (K)ring muzzle to produce vocal quietude—a carpet to muffle the stampedes—and the right to travel.

To the Juniors of next year—the power of delving into the philosophy of Lyonmoun and Iorayloi—a few members of the fairer sex in as much as they are minus quantity—and an instinct to carry them beyond the Bugbeans of Geometry.

To the Seniors of next year—the back seats—the privileges to eat cherry High-balls in time of school—the back yard as a waste basket for orange and banana peelings—patriotisms in American History—the **Wright** to spark in Physics Laboratory with the static machine—the remains of the walking Cannon—Kriell Dictionary—power to maintain diacritical markings throughout the year—the **Wrightness** of the Rigdon Grammar—and we will grant to you the poetic license for the last half of senior year—and lastly the right to fly your colors.

To Mr. Wright next year—the right to hold pugilistic contests after school—the “rule” to measure every one by—a “cooked” Peary book and Amundsen (a mounsooned) Scott chronicles for the physical Geography class to promote the interests of the geographical poles—and our physics note-books.

To Miss Tofte next year—a vacuum cleaner to pick up the pencil shavings—an extra hook in the office for visitors’ hats—the Christmas present that we didn’t give to her next Christmas.

To Miss Felton next year—a little more power to drum out the Bass—a megaphone to magnify the Altos and Tenors,—a grindorgan to subdue the Sopranos and a microscope to

enlarge articles in front so that those in the back seats may see.

To Miss Kring next year—a piece of cheese to satisfy the mice during Commercial Arithmetic class—mentaltelepathy in a condensor from which it will be easy to produce “the effect,” a little of our left over funds to treat “us” with,—and our Physical Geography note-books.

To Mr. Frye next year—the remains of the “well cared-for dustpans,”—an incline-plane out of the laboratory to convey heat upstairs when the radiators refuse to work—and a bell boy to sound the gong for false fire-alarms.

To the school next year—the library key,—the right to dispose of the library funds taken in during the year,—the right to chew gum in school time,—the wrong to eat apples with lemon juice—the love of country,—the dove of a teacher,—and the ease of a “snooze” before getting lessons.

Lastly, we extend to our “beloved brethren” and “fellows” together with our “dear masters” our deepest love, gratitude and respect. All that we ask in return is that our names be in the “Family Bible.”

Signed and witnessed by:—

Edna Hockett, '12.

Paul Dye, '12

Raymond L. Williamson, '12.



## Senior Calendar '11-'12

Sept. 6—School opens. Trouble begins.  
 Sept. 7—New rule started. Seniors get back seats, no great honor—had them last year.

Sept. 11—Talk of sending home several bright Seniors to accomodate incoming eighth grade.

Sept. 12—Change of seats.

Sept. 27—Miss Tofte forgets to call recess.

Oct. 2—Paul comes with hair cut. Much beauty exposed.

Oct. 9—New excuse rule introduced. Too much red tape !!!

Oct. 26—A surprise (?) School dismissed at recess.

Nov. 8—It is reported that Senior sharpened a pencil during Mr. Wright's class, without being caught. Report probably untrue.

Nov. 16—Senior girls wear their bows.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving. Vacation.

Dec. 2—Holiday over. All joyfully (?) resume their studies.

Dec. 14—Joke on Raymond. He becomes lodged between two Junior lasses at recess.

Quite a commotion.

Dec. 21—Fire! Fire! Pour on water! Pour on water!

Dec. 22—Banquet to Juniors.

Dec. 25—Vacation. Merry Xmas.

Jan. 2—All try to think we are glad for school to commence again—Fail.

Jan. 10—No school. The ceiling got sealed.

Jan. 11—Examination.

Jan. 12—Ditto.

Jan. 15—More Study.

Jan. 17, 18, 19—Edna, Ethel and Vera take turn about teaching Miss William's room.

Jan. 17—Look out Vera, you're liable

to hurt your hand if you use the wrong end of the paddle.

Jan. 18—Ethel also used the paddle.

Jan. 29—"Fresh air Crusade" begins. Everybody catches cold.

Jan. 31—Report cards given out.

Feb. 8—Ten pupils absent. For the benefit of the steam engine.

Feb. 7—Dickens' centenary. Seniors entertain H. S.

Feb. 8—"Nothin' doin'".

Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday. Raymond entertains.

Feb. 23—Two flies persist in hovering about a lump of sugar at back of room. Wonder why?

Feb. 29—Leap year.—What is so rare as Feb. 29?

Mar. 5—Fire! Fire! Another false alarm.

Mar. 12—Two of Miss Anderson's pupils entertain H. S.

Mar. 19—Paul sent from History class. Too much gossip.

Mar. 28—A very noticeable jar felt about 2:30 occasioned by the fall of a dignified (?) Junior girl.

April 2—Another wonder in the list of wonderfals. Raymond wore his new tie.

April 3—My, my, sleepy spring fever already?

April 4, 5—Vacation. Teachers attend "Northern Indiana Teachers' Association."

April 9—Debate in History class.

April 13—Seniors have their "mugs shot" for a place in the Annual.

April 27—Annual goes to press.

May 16—Hard work ends.

May 17—Class Day.

May 18—A long wanted and much needed vacation begins at last.

Ethel Cannon, '12.

Vera Kruell, '12.

## Grinds

*Mr. E. E. Wright*

"Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

*Miss B. Tofte*

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends,  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

*Miss K. Kring*

"Calm as a night's repose;  
Like flowers at set of sun."

*Miss H. Felton*

"She comes on the wings of gladness,  
The fruition of delight."

*Paul Dye*

"A mind bold, independent, and decisive."

*Edna Hockett*

"Food for grave, inquiring speech  
She everywhere doth find."

*Raymond Williamson*

"He never says a foolish thing,  
Nor never does a wise one."

*Ethel Cannon*

"Eyes brimful of mischief,  
Skilled in all its arts."

*Vera Kruell*

==

"The future yet concealed,  
What I seek, and what I will."

—Vera Kruell, '12

## Nations Studied In ?

Carnations—class flower ? ! ? ! ? !.  
Insubordination—just before Christmas?  
Donation—fines on delinquent books.  
Determination—getting it?  
Coronation—Senior next year.  
Assassination—Killing mice in school time.  
Imagination—A bluff for the real thing.  
Explanation—Excuse for absence.  
Resignation—Quitting school.  
Combination—Two in one seat?  
Nomination—One selected to recite.  
Edna Hockett, '12

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## '12 Prospectus

**A**S members of the Senior Class,  
Each one has done his part.  
Now soon from K. H. S. we'll  
pass  
And one by one embark.  
Perhaps to some far distant land  
Like sheep we'll go astray,  
Until by Time's firm steady hand  
Each one is launched at bay.  
Perhaps each is a friend in need,  
If so we all shall know  
How rugged is the path that leads  
To that far distant goal.  
No doubt each has some aim in mind;  
Then let this aim be high;  
And thus in future days we'll find  
Our flags have reached the sky.  
Some may be launched on life's deep  
sea  
And stand behind the mast;  
Before the storm of life may flee  
Then stop and rest,—then all is  
past. Ethel Cannon, '12.

## Junior Senior Banquet

WE Juniors truly were surprised,  
To learn the plans that were  
devised,

By the Seniors wise and gay  
For rejoicing before Xmas Day.

Strange it seemed, I truly say  
For 'twas a secret until that day.  
But a Senior with a voice so strong  
Replied, "It did not take us long."

'Twas then we guessed the reason  
Of sessions early in the season.  
A class meeting they would often call,  
And then rush out and down the hall.

Each Junior accepted with a smile.  
Heartily thanking them all the while,  
For pleasure brought with merry yuletide  
To the Juniors from every side.

That evening heavy twilight fell  
On frosted wood and drifted dell.  
Black darkness fell with twilight dim,  
No new moon bent her silver rim.

None had any haunting fear  
For all were present from far and near;  
Feasting and rejoicing made us gay  
So no one thought of their homeward way.

A group of K. H. S. students I see.  
Brimfull of mirth—as students will be,  
When half a year's task is done  
They are foremost in all fun.

How gay we were! What songs we  
sang!

Till the house with echoes rang.  
Then some guessing games were tried  
For, puzzles are the Senior's pride.

Songs of the Seniors and Juniors were  
heard.

But no unpleasant or unkind word.  
Miss Felton sang, Miss Tofte spoke  
And the harmony was never broke.

After games and play and song  
To the feast stepped the happy throng.  
Oh, of all the good thing there to eat!  
We all are united: it sure was a treat.

Salads, chocolate and ice cream so  
grand.

Cakes, sandwiches and fruits on a  
lofty stand.

The nuts prepared with dainty care  
And hove hung the smilax so rare.

The evening past—feasting must cease,  
We thanked the Seniors with songs of  
peace.

A silence deep fell on the throng  
Only to be broken by a good-night  
song.

'Twas weeks ago. That day is o'er  
We hear those songs no more.  
Now it is school and work and duty  
As quiet lives have simple beauty.

Let us thank thee—Oh Seniors for thy  
graces.

You go, but we shall take your places.  
We wish you untold success and fame.  
May reward await you greater than a  
name.

Katherine Drazer. '13.

## Junior Address to the Seniors

FIVE score and eleven days ago the Seniors brought forth unto this K. H. S., a great surprise, conceived in friendship and dedicated to the entertainment of the Juniors. Then we were engaged in great preparation for that occasion, wondering why no other Junior Class in the history of our school had ever been so fortunate. Then we all met at the home of Miss Vera Kruell. We were there to enjoy the delightful programme which had been prepared for us. It is altogether fitting and proper that they should know our appreciation of their efforts; but in a larger sense we can not manifest, we can not express, our gratitude. The brave Seniors, thoughtful and kind, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The class will always note and long remember the events of that evening. It was to us—the Juniors—that they served such delicious refreshments. It was for us that they took upon themselves the task of beautifully decorating the rooms and arranging games which gave to us a full measure of enjoyment; that we here highly resolve that those plans shall not have been in vain; and that this class under the High School banner shall retain this memory and that the reception of the Seniors, by the Seniors, and for the Juniors, shall not perish from the earth.

Junior Girls.

## Farewell to Juniors

**F**AREWELL, Juniors, one and all.  
Of each, kind memories we'll recall  
To each we bid a fond adieu;  
And may we hope the same from you?

We bid good by to Seniordom  
And bid you Juniors fill our place;  
Full well we know that you will come  
To be aspirants in life's race.

It takes a great amount of work  
To well complete the Senior year;  
From long, hard lessons never shirk,  
But bear your trials without fear.

Let "Onward, Upward" your motto be;  
Strive on against each storm and blast,  
You will gain the long lost key,  
And reap a harvest rich at last.

Raymond L. Williamson, '12.

## Music

THE music department surely deserves as much attention and credit as any part of the High School course. This year it has prospered exceedingly well under the same instructor, Miss Harriet A. Felton. Miss Felton has worked very hard and devoted much of her time to make it a success in every way, and she is certainly entitled to much praise. There are three prominent organizations, "The Girls Glee Club," "the Male Quartet," and "The Chorus," there being fifty-six members in the chorus.

Emil Polaski .....	First Tenor
Raymond Williamson .....	Second Tenor
Robert O'Brien .....	First Bass
Eugene Snodgrass .....	Second Bass
Pearle Frinkle .....	First Soprano
Mammie Wolbrandt .....	First Soprano
Lenora Kosanke .....	First Soprano
Mabelle Paul .....	First Soprano
Rosa Welsh .....	First Soprano
Bessie Wolbrandt .....	First Soprano
Ethel Cannon .....	Second Soprano
Eva Noland .....	Second Soprano
Edna Hockett .....	Second Soprano
Vera Kruell .....	Second Soprano
Kathryne Drazer .....	Second Soprano
Ruth Danielson .....	Second Soprano
Lillian Metherd .....	Alto
Lucille Cannon .....	Alto
Ella Johnston .....	Alto
Anna Schussler .....	Alto
Dora Blachly .....	Alto

"DON'T READ THE BACK COVER"

## Ode to the Seniors

FAREWELL Seniors, one and all,  
To you we give a fond adieu  
And day by day we'll all recall  
Kind memories of you.

The place as Seniors filled by you  
We will fulfil another year  
And may we also prove 'true blue'  
And leave a memory just as dear.

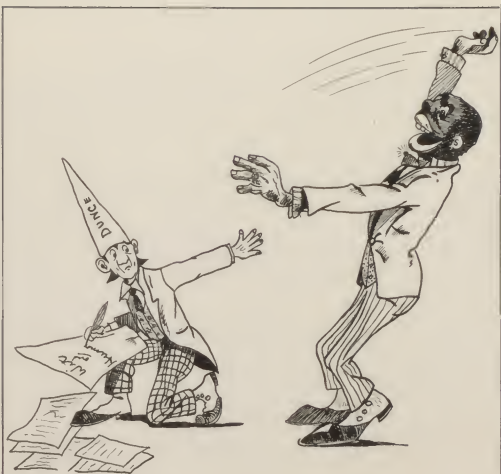
May you, when in the wide, wide world  
Striving for higher work,  
Think of the Dear Old K. H. S.  
Where none are known to shirk.

Then when out upon Life's Sea  
And away from the bonds of High  
School;  
We hope that all of your efforts will be;  
To follow the Golden Rule.

Ah, now that you are soon to go  
Do not forget those happy days  
When we loved each other so  
And learned so well each other's ways.

As members of the Junior Class  
To you we now extend  
Our heartfelt wishes first and last  
Until your journey's end.

Raymond B., '13.



Raymond Williamson was hurrying to class when Edna Hocket called to him that he needn't exert himself for the class would start without him. "Oh, that's what I'm afraid of," Raymond answered.

Miss Kring in physical geography: "The house-fly belongs to the order. "Diptera." Where does the chicken louse belong?"

Raymond Williamson: "The chicken house."

Prof Wright: "Was it a bad accident?"

Paul Dye: "Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

Miss Kring: "Ethel, what are the four sets of teeth?"

Ethel Cannon: "Well, the predated teeth, the milk teeth,

"DON'T READ THE BACK COVER"

and the permanent teeth—I don't know the fourth set."

Vera Kruell: (in a whisper), "False teeth."

At the beginning of the school term, all Prof. Wright asked of his pupils was "do right." But if you can't do right, do "Wright."

Miss Kring in physical geography: "Raymond, name five animals that live in the Arctic Zone."

Raymond W. "Three polar bears and two seals."

### "JUST A FRESHMAN"

I'm a Freshman, that I know

But I don't mind so much

Since I've had German I can go

And swear at them in Dutch.

Miss Kring: "Ethel, what is the earth's orbit?"

Ethel Cannon: "Isn't it what the earth turns round on?"

"How many children have you?" asked Trustee Anderson, while taking the census.

The man addressed removed the pipe from his mouth, scratched his head, thought it over a moment and then replied: "Five—four living and one married."

Prof. Wright: "What is steam?"

Senior Girl: "Water gone crazy with the heat."

Freshie reading the Merchant of Venice—"Shylock was an infidde." (Infidel.)

Miss Tofte: "What is the difference between assault and attack?"

Paul Dye: (astonished)—"A salt and a tack?"

Senior: "I hear they're not going to make the annual any longer after this year."

Printer: "Because they're long enough."

Prof. Wright: "What is an angle?"

Junior: "An angle is a triangle with one side rubbed off."

Frank going to waste-basket without permission stepped on a match which gave a loud report. (class laughed.)

Miss Kring: (to pupils) "Oh, never mind that; that just shows there is a cavity in somebody's head that needs filling."

A man ran into a doctor's office the other day, and said that a man had swallowed a foot rule, and was dying by inches. The doctor said, that was nothing, as he had once a patient who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of men joined in the conversation, one saying he had know of a fellow in Texas who swallowed a revolver, and went off easy, and the other telling of a man in Oshkosh who drank a quart of cider and departed in good spirits.

Lost, strayed or stolen—One Paul Dye.  
Finder, please return to Prof. Wright. Reward ! ?

Little puffs of powder  
Little dabs of paint  
Make the Senior's freckles,  
Look as if they ain't.

Miss Tofte: "Raymond, what is a vagabond?"  
Raymond W. "A vagabond is a bird."

Miss Kring in Commercial Arithmetic: "Paul, how old would a person be who was born in 1887?"  
Paul Dye: "Was it a man or woman?"

Miss Tofte: "Ethel, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing at?"

Ethel C: "I was just thinking about something."

Miss Tofte: "You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."

Half an inch, half an inch,  
Half an inch onward.  
Hampered by hobble—skirts  
Hopped the "Four Hundred."

Prof. Wright (absent-minded.) "I see I've got my hat on. Now I wonder if I was going out or coming in."

Pupil: "Was Rome founded by Romeo?"  
Teacher: "No, it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

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Valparaiso

## A Gift

**I**F PURCHASED OF US WILL BE APPROPRIATE—whether for Commencement, Birthday or any other occasion for which it is purchased. Every gift sold by us will sustain the high standard of quality for which this store stands and has made our name a familiar one in every household in the county. Never before has our stock of

### Watches, Jewelry and Novelties

been so complete. We are sure we can please you if given the opportunity, and ask that you call and let us show the many attractive articles for the season's gifts.

**W. H. Vail, Jeweler**  
**Theo. Jessee, Optometrist**

Nineteen East Main Street  
Valparaiso

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### Dr. M. Ruge, Dentist

Office: No. 5 East Main Street  
Valparaiso, Indiana

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### Star Meat Market

**J. W. SIEB**  
PROPRIETOR

55 South Franklin St.

Phone 27

Valparaiso, Indiana

Dr. F. E. Ling



*DENTIST*



AT KOUTS EVERY TUESDAY

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John McGillicuddy

*HIGH GRADE  
MONUMENTS*

65 Indiana Avenue

Valparaiso - - Ind.

Lilienthal

& Szold's

*Department*

*Store*



1 and 3 East Main Street

Valparaiso, Ind.

M. LaFORCE

*Boots and Shoes*



21 Main Street

Valparaiso :: Indiana

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F. L. PERRY

*BAKERY*

Kouts :: Ind.

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N. B. PIERCE

*Groceries, Dry Goods,  
Boots, and Shoes and  
Gent's Furnishings*

Kouts :: Ind.

W. N. Anderson

Dealer in

Harness, Saddles,  
Whips, Fly Nets,  
Dusters, Robes,  
Hardware and  
Pumps. ::

*Repairing Promptly Done*

Kouts :: Ind.

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When you want first-class  
Laundry work patronize the

Up-to-Date  
Steam Laundry

T. J. Johnson, Prop.

164 W. Main St.

Phone 15.

Valparaiso - - - Ind.

W. Huntington

PIANOS

*First-Class Tuning and  
all Repair Work*

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS  
and

U. S. CYLINDER TALKING  
MACHINES

*Fine Assortment of Late  
Records*

204 East Main Street

Valparaiso - - - Ind.

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I. J. DYE

*BARBER*

*Satisfactory Work Guaranteed*

Kouts - - - Indiana

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Frank T. O'Brien

*GENERAL  
MERCHANDISE*

Kouts - - - Indiana

HAVE YOU visited  
that new Depart-  
ment Store of Deop-  
ker's? The stock is as  
new as the building. We  
have a fine line of the new  
Spring styles in men's and  
boy's Clothing we would like  
to show you. Every depart-  
ment is full of the newest  
things of the season.

H. V. DEOPKER

Kouts - - - Indiana

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PHONES

Office: 161J.

Residence: 76W.

J. D. KEEHN

*DENTIST*

East side Public Square, over  
Williams' Drug Store.

*Satisfactory Work Guaranteed*

HOURS

8 to 12 a. m.

1 to 6 p. m.

Valparaiso - - - Ind.

**H**ALF the battles of this strenuous life are won by a favorable first impression. The man who is becomingly, stylishly, dressed wins out nearly every time. Don't be clothes handicapped. Our

## Hart Schaffner & Marx

suits give you confidence, the assurance that your appearance is correct, the feeling that you are the equal of any and all young men.

In Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery we always show the latest and the best. New models that are right in style, fit, wear and price.

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

## Lowenstine's

Valparaiso

You get the girl: we  
will furnish the home

J. D. Stoner  
& Brother

Valparaiso, Indiana

Doctor  
C. L. Bartholomew  
Dentist

At Kouts  
Every Wednesday

# Wall Paper and Paint

*Largest stock in Porter County*

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## Heineman & Sievers

*West Side Court House*

*Valparaiso*

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## W. F. Lederer

Dealer in  
The Better Grade of

**Pianos**

Also agent for SINGER  
SEWING MACHINE CO.

15 North Washington Street  
Valparaiso, Indiana

## Suits

Cleaned and Pressed

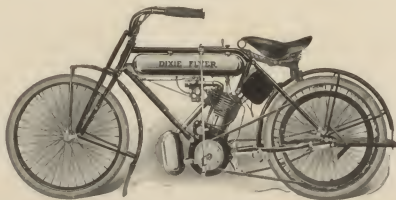
LEAVE YOUR WORK  
AT ANDERSON'S STORE.

Give Us A Trial



T. Kreker

**FREE!** Purchase your Suits, Hats, Ties, **FREE!**  
Hosiery, Underwear, etc.,  
of R. P. Wolfe



## \$250.00 Dixie Motorcycle

Given away in the Motorcycle contest. Get your friends to work for you and give you their votes. Contest ends September 30th, 1912. Vote given with every purchase—25 votes with 25c purchase, 100 votes with \$1.00, etc.

### The Vidette

Valparaiso, Indiana



Daily—\$4.00 per year by mail

Weekly—\$1.50 per year by mail



JOHN M. MAVITY  
Proprietor

Dr. J. R. Pagin

**Dentist**

Corner Main and Franklin Sts.  
Valparaiso, Indiana



## You Young Men

who are about to graduate will find us ready to meet all your dress requirements for this season.

In addition to this we offer for your approval a selection of most fashionable coats, sportswear, and suits, and you will be pleased as long as you wear them.

Come to meet with our showing of styles and sizes complete.

*\$15.00 to \$40.00*

*Specht-Finney-Skinner Co.*

222 Second St. New York, N.Y.  
Incl. 10¢ for 25¢ in Goods

VALPARAISO, INDIANA  
Department Store

